

DECEASED

Streeter

BANDY BAR ROOM BALLADS



U. S. NAVY SONGBOOK
CIRCA 1944

(Tune: TIPPEKAHY)

It's a long way to San Diego,
It's a long way to go
It's a long way to San Diego
To the nearest bar I know.
Goodbye, Marshall Islands
Goodbye, Carolines
It's a long, long way to San Diego
We'll make it next time:

(Tune unknown - just follow)

Oh, a cannibal king, with a gay nose ring,
Fell in love with a hula dame,
And every night by the Pale moonlight,
Across the bay he came.

He'd hug and kiss that pretty little miss,
'neath the shade of the bamboo tree,
And every night by the pale moonlight,
It sounded like this to me,

Ah-root, tsk tsk, ah-root tsk tsk,
Ah-root-ta-de-ah-de-aaa
Ah-root, tsk tsk, ah-root tsk, tsk
Ah-root-ta-de-ah-de-a--a--a.

(Tune: OLD GREY BONNET)

Put away your old flight jacket
Let's ditch this lousy racket
For we've got some lovin' left to do
It's been great fun sluggin'
But we want some huggin'
And we don't mean you, or you

It's been a year since we met
And joined this corny Wasp set
And it's been great being old shipmates
But the time is comin'
When we'd like some slummin'
In the old United States

We'll help them take that Palau
Or even Mindanao
But it's time that we went on a lark
As for me, you loving bastard
You will soon find me plastered
At the top of the Golden Mark

We'll admit that we caused signing
Each time that we went flying
That we never land, we merely bounce
But the place for which we're leaving
Doesn't limit liquid heaving
To a stingy goddam ounce

Let's get this next job over
And then we'll be in clover
We will say goodbye to this old joint
And in the course of our rambles
Of the states we'll make a shambles
Like we did at Barber's Point.

So to hell with party manners
And all the Navy's planners
Let's forget the troubles we have seen
Though it may sound like we're boastin'
It's a grand bunch we're toastin'
Here's to old Air Group FOURTEEN.

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the god damn things
Now I don't want them any more
They taught me how to fly
Then they sent me here to die
I've had my belly full of war.
You can save those Zeros
For the god damn heroes
And Distinguished Flying Crosses
Do not compensate for losses Buster
I wanted wings till I got the god damn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

I'll take the dunes while the rest go down in flames
I've no desire to be burned.
Air combat's called romance
But it made me shit my pants
I'm not a fighter I have learned.
You can leave those Mitsubishis
For the crazy sons of bitches
I would rather lay a woman
Than get shot up in a Grumman Buster
I wanted wings till I got the god damn things
now I don't want them anymore.

(over)

I'm too young to die in a god damn PBY
That's for the eager, not for me.
I don't trust my luck
To be picked up by a Duck
After a crash into the sea.
I would rather be a bellhop
Than a flier on a Flat-top
With my hand around a bottle
Nor around a god damn throttle Buster
I wanted wings till I got the god damn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

Out on a hunk of land, full of flies and bugs and sand
I thought the Navy meant the sea.
I'd trade the country's cheers
for a half-a-dozen beers
And a tight-skinned virgin under me.
At my bit I'm not a-chafing
For the joy of going strafing
If you think that you're Flash Gordon
You'll end boating on the Jordan Buster
I wanted wings till I got the god damn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

They sent me off to school, oh My God, I was a fool
Look at the trouble I've been through.
It took nine months to learn
that for mother earth I yearn.
Heave Ho Me Hearties, Pass the Brew.
And now I'm up there trying
Just to keep the old crate flying
Just to keep the old crate going
Jesus Christ and now it's snowing Buster
I wanted wings till I got the god damn things
Now I'd like to pin them on a whore.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLAN

There was a gathering of the clan
And all the lads were there
A feeling of the lassies
Among the public hair.

(chorus)

Singing, who do you las' night
Who do you noo
The man who do you las' night
Canna do you noo.

There was fucking in the parlor
There was fucking in the sticks
You could not hear the music
For the swishing of the pricks.

CHORUS...

The Minister and his wife were there
And quite surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads
A hanging from a tree.

(CHORUS)...

The minister's daughter she was there
A-sitting down in front
She had her little legs crossed
to hide her hairy cunt.

(CHORUS)...

The sexton's daughter she was there
A-pulling quite a stunt
A wreath of roses in her hair
and a carrot in her cunt.

CHORUS...

The squire's son oh he was there
Hiding behind a trough
Because he liked his privacy
When he was jacking-off.

CHORUS...

The bride was in the bedroom
Explaining to the groom
The vagina not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.

CHORUS

Elaine MacTavish the scullery maid
Had her back against the wall
With her legs spread wide aloud she cried
What ho come one come all.

CHORUS...

THE OLD SOT

There was a Monk of ill repute
There was a Monk of ill repute
There was a Monk of ill repute
Who fell in love with a prostitute
chorus...

The old sot, the old sot
A dirty old buggar was he was he
A dirty old buggar was he.

He took her to a shady nook
And there he had him a bloody good look
chorus...

He took her to his lily white bed
And there he fucked her until she was dead
chorus...

He burries her deep beneath the grass
And dug her up and buggared her ass
chorus...

The Bishop said he would fix his tricks
He cut off his balls and he cut off his prick
chorus...

He fashioned himself two balls of brass
And slung them between the cheeks of his ass
chorus...

He carved himself a took of wood
And tried it out and found that he could
chorus...

Now once again he was fully equipped
Mechanical balls mechanical prick
chorus...

A FLYER'S WHIM

She was poor but she was honest
A victim of a flyer's whim
He promised that he'd wed her
So she had a child by him.

Now he sits in an airplane
A fighting for all of mankind
While she walks the streets of Diego
Selling bits of her behind.

THE LUGGER "VENUS"

A frigging in the riggin
A frigging in the riggin
A frigging in the riggin
There's fuck all else to do

There was a lugger "Venus"
whose masthead was a penis
The figurehead was a-whore in bed
A horrible sight by Jesus.

The Captain's name was Morgan
By God he was a Gorgon
Ten times a day sweet tunes he'd play
On his reproductive organ.

The first mate's name was Andy
By God he was a dandy
They peddled his cock with bits of rock
For pissing in the brandy.

The mess boy's name was Nipper
By God he was a pipper
He lined his ass with broken glass
and circumcised the Skipper.

The Captain's wife was Mabel
She screwed when she was able
Upon the floor behind the door
and even on the table.

The Captain had a daughter
She fell into the water
A horrible squeal revealed an eel
Had found her sexual quarter.

They were a great sensation
They sailed to every nation
'Till they finally sunk in a sea of spunk
From mutual masturbation.

Our FIGHTING men

A Marine told his buddy on Guadalcanal
"The army is coming just think of it pal"
His corporal answered him "Alright then
Let's build a nice clubhouse for our fighting men".

They'll have entertainment and maybe a play
recreation advisors from the W. P. A
U. S. O. Hostesses movies galore
The army gives morale a very high score.

One thing said the chow hound we'll eat better now
Depend on the soldier to bring in the chow
They'll start post exchanges with ice cream no end
Life must be pleasant for our fighting men.

A C.B. rolled up and ahead what is the score
The wagons and cruisers are lying off shore
and scads of destroyers are sweeping the bay
Has the army finally landed today?

They dashed up the beach as their boats hit the sand
Steel helmets, fixed bayonets and rifles in hand
A marine washing clothes asked You was going far?
What the hell is the hurry have you heard there's a war?

Shut up said the sergeant Go limber your legs
and swap this Jap helmet for a case of real eggs
This barking at soldiers must come to an end
We must be respectful of our fighting men.

Their generals outrank us and they'll take command
New rules and new orders will govern the land
They'll have some M.P.'s who will show us around
When the army takes over it sure shakes the ground.

We can take it said a raider and it won't be long
'Till an Admiral bellers and we're shoving on
a little while later we're landing again
To make Bougainville safe for our fighting men.

JACK OH JACK

(NOTE: CHAP FOR L.C. "X")

Oh Jack oh Jack was a sailor chap
Went out to buy some gin
He knocked at the door of a X X X X
But Mary a soul was in.

Across the street he spied a maid
A standing in the door
And she was the fairest X X X X
He had ever seen before.

"Oh don't you come in kink sir?" said she
There's nobody home but me
We can X X X X X X X X
"You bet your sweet life" said he.

He took her by her lily white hand
And laid her on the floor
He could tell by the feel of her X X X X
That she had been there before.

Now days went by and sad to say
Too bad for our sailor chap
He could tell by the feel of his X X X X
That he had a dose of X.

POOR OLD JOE

Oh poor old Joe oh hard luck Joe
He got all the kicks did poor old har luck Joe.

The squadron took off from the ship
To make a rendezvous
The rest of us joined up OK
But poor old Joe "SQUAT".

The squadron got the signal "Cast"
From the Alois Lamp
The rest of us got a wire OK
But poor old Joe the hump!

The squadron took off for Norfolk
Their minds all filled with sin
The rest of us got there OK
But poor old Joe spun in.

The gas run mighty low one day
While circling to the port
The rest of us got aboard OK
But Joe was ten feet short.

Old Joe tried to show the boys
That he was in the pink
He soon rolled off the deck one day
And ended in the drink.

Joe went over the check off list
And did the usual thing
But then he landed on the deck
His wheels were in his wings.

You've all heard of Valhalla
To which all Airmen pass
You fly you're plane right up the groove
But Joe ran out of gas.

Joe he died and went to Heav'n
To get his golden crown
St. Peter gave the final check
And poor old Joe got "Down".

DRINK, NAVY, DRINK

We're coming? We're coming
Our brave little band
On the right side of temperance
We've taken our stand.
We don't use tobacco
And here's what we think
It's them that as use it
As usually drinks.
So it's break out the liquor
It oughta be thicker
We'd all pass out quicker
So drink, navy, drink.

Now some fools eat fruitcake
Its chuck full of rum
A very small bite puts
A man on the bum.
But who can imagine
A sorrier sight
Than a man eating fruitcake
Until he gets tight.
So it's fill up the glasses
But not with molasses
We're all horses asses
So drink, navy, drink.

Some drink hair tonic and perfume
Ten gallons a day is the amount they consume
The eighteenth amendment to them is the bunk
But that could be worse than a hair tonic drunk.
So fill up the dishes
But not with good wishes
We'll all feed the fishes
So drink, navy, drink.

Some go around with a Flask in their pants
And then have the nerve to appear at a dance
The lowest of creatures is drinks alcohol
And then has the nerve to appear at a ball.
So break out the flagon
We're all off the wagon
We're drunk but not draggin'
So drink, navy, drink.

Flying's a dangerous sport so they tell
A flip and a flap and you're headed for hell
That could be worse than a young aeronaut
Attempting to pilot a plane while he's taught.
So break out the cases
We're off to the races
We're all navy Aces
So drink, navy, drink.

THE SHAGGING OF O'HILEY'S DAUGHTER

Oh I was sitting in O'Hiley's bar
drinking up tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Think I'll shag O'Hiley's daughter

(Chorus)

Tiddy-i-e Tiddy-i-e
Tiddy-i-e for the one-balled rider
big-a-jig-jig bails and all
tub-a-cub-aub shag on.

I threw that bitch upon the bed
Then I threw the left leg over
shagged and shagged and shagged some more
Shagged until the fun was over

Chorus...

There came a knock upon the door
Who should it be but her god damn father
Two horse pistols at his side
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter
(Chorus)...

I grabbed that bastard by the balls
Stuck his head in a pill of water
I jammed those pistols up his ass
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter
Chorus...

Now when I walk down the street
People shout from every corner
There goes the god damn son of a bitch
The guy who shagged O'Hiley's daughter
Chorus...

MY GRACIE

[JP
Four or Five Times]

I take my Gracie out riding
The horse does a beautiful prance
I say "my Gracie what troubles?"
She say "I go off in my pants"
Four five time four five time four five time 000H
My God I go off in my pants".

I take my Gracie out sailing
The like she's a-placid as glass
My Gracie take reef in my shirttail
I shove my jib boom up her ass
Four five time four five time four five time 000H
I shove my jib boom up her ass.

I take my Gracie to night club
We get a table down front
My Gracie have back to the people
I shove my left foot up her cunt.
Four five time four five time four five time 000H
I shove my left foot up her cunt.

I take my Gracie to picnic
She bring-a-da food by the batch
She squat down to open the basket
I slip my pole up her snatch
Four five time four five time four five time 000H
I slip my pole up her snatch.

I take my Gracie on weekend
We stay by the sea shore down south
Before the weekend is over
I learn her to take it in mouth
Four five time four five time four five time 000H
I learn her to take it in mouth.

I send my Gracie to stable
She come back all covered with mud
I say "My Gracie what troubles?"
She say "I been jazzed by a stud"
Four five time four five time four five time 000H
She say I been Jazzed by a stud."

YOUNG AND FOOLISH

When I was young and foolish
It was my great delight
To go to balls and dances
And stay out late at night.

Thus on one summer evening
I met him at a dance
I could tell he was a sailor
By the buttons on his pants.

His shoes were neatly polished
His hair was nicely combed
He danced with me all evening
And asked to take me home.

As we were walking down Broadway
I heard an old couple say
"There goes a fair young maiden
Who's being led astray."

Thus in my father's hallway
Where I was led astray
And in my mother's bedroom
Where I was forced to lay.

He laid me down so gently
And raised my dress so high
And said "Oh Mary Darling
I'll take it now or die."

Now girls take this warning
Take this warning from me
And never let a sailor
Get an inch above your knee.

They'll tell you that they love you
And try to prove it true
Until they get your cherry
And then to hell with you.

THE GROOVING OF DAN MCGREW.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
In one of those Yukon Halls
The kid that handled the music box
Was stealthily scratching his balls.
The Faro Kid had his hand on the cunt
Of the lady that's known as Lou
While down on the floor on top of a whore
Lay dangerous Dan McGrew.

Out of the night that was black as a bitch
And into the din and the smoke
Stepped a shakey old prick just in from the crick
With a rusty load in his poke.
As he shouldered his way through the flea-bitten crowd
He clutched at the crotch of his pants.
He looked like a man with a case of the clap
In the last stage of St. Vitus dance.

His face was red as a baboons ass
For passion itching him burned
So he lugged out his jock to display to the flock
At which everyones asshole squirmed.
His pants were split and covered with spit
That looked like the white of an egg
And his balls hung low and swung to and fro
Every time that he moved his leg.

In his tattered old clothes he stood ready to hose
Any bitch that stepped in his way.
He dangled his dong with his talented hands
And howled that he wanted to play.

The lights went out I ducked to the floor
And the stranger sprang in the dark
His aim was true and the sparks they flew
As his donniker found its mark.
With night and pain and shrieks of pain
A man's voice filled the room
With sighs and moans and farts and groans
Three forms stacked up in the gloom.

Then the lights came on and the stranger rose
With a satisfied look on his pan
And there on the floor with his asshole tore
Lay poor old corn-nosed Dan.

BASTARD KING

The Baras they sing of an ancient king
Who lived many long years ago
He ruled his land with an iron hand
But his mind was weak and low.
The only garment that he wore
Was a leathern undershirt
He wore this hide to hide the hide
But it wouldn't hide the dirt.
He loved to hunt the royal Stag
That romped the royal wood.
But most of all he loved the joy
Of pulling the royal pud.
He was vile and wooly and full of fleas
And his terrible tool hung to his knees
All hail the Bastard King of England.

Now the Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame
And a sprightly dame was she.
She loved to fool with this royal tool
So far across the sea.
So she sent a note by messenger
For the King to spend a week with her.
Hi ho The Bastard King of England.

Now the King of France he snit his pants
When he heard of this report
He says "She loved my rival for she
Knows my prong is short."
So he sent the Duke of hip-in-kap
To give the Queen a dose of clap
And thus did thwart the Bastard King of England.

When news of this catastrophe
Reached merry old England's halls
The King swore on his royal throne
"I'll have the bastard's balls."
So he offered as a recompense
A day and night with Queen Hortense
To anyone who'd bring the King to England.

So the Duke of Essex mounted his horse
And he took himself to France
He claimed he was a fruiter
And the King took down his pants.
He tied a thong around his prong
Got on his horse and galloped along
And took him to the Bastard King of England.

(continued)

Now the King threw up his breakfast
 When he reached old England's shore
 For in the ride his majesty's pride
 Had stretched a foot or more.
 And all the shores of Merry England
 Came down to London Town
 And shouted around the castle wall
 To hell with the English Crown.
 King Phillip The Third he mounted the Throne
 He scepter was his royal bone
 With which he doomed the Bastard King of England.

DO IT

One night as I lay in bed
 Dreaming my love and I were wed
 A voice beside me gently said - DO IT.

Entranced my eyes I opened wide
 Behold a maiden by my side
 Who in a voice of rapture cried - DO IT.

Grasping her bosom like a rose
 As pure and white as Arctic snows
 I said I could while no one knows - DO IT.

Alas it was a dream too sweet
 For waking up in blissful heat
 I found I had upon the sheet - DONE IT.

THE NIGHT BEFORE D-DAY

This the night before D Day and all through the craft
 Not a creature was sleeping not one of them laughed.
 The life belts were carefully hung by each bunk
 To be ready at hand just in case they were sunk.

The staff members planned as they lay in their beds
 As visions of purple hearts danced through their heads
 The congressional medal the rare D.C.
 And all of those things which should their rightly be.

Then out of the darkness there came such a blast
 That everyone feared that this hour was his last.
 Then also arose in the skies a lo. shine
 (And it certainly looked like the end of the Line.)

The Marines sprang from hatches the ports let out light
 The emergency signal rang loud in the night.
 All the sentries were trampled in the mad melee
 While the Skipper screamed out for the Officer of the Day.

The convoy broke up like a covey of quail
Each ship having many planes hot on her tail.
Eventually one of our boys got the word
And distinctly the roar of our own planes was heard.

Up Grumman up Fighter up SBD
Up Tracer up AP (Loaded one out of three)
Down Zero Down Bomber Down Mitsubishi
Down Buckteeth (So solly) in flaming debris.

Twas all very confusing IT's normally so
And none of the troops would go back down below.
Instead they were adding with shouts and with whistles
There fire from reising guns rifles and pistols.

As usual the officers were milling around
When wanted not one of them ever was round
When the Skipper was asked for his further directions
He demanded an immediate troop space inspection.

The smoke cleared awar and the guns were secured
When the boatswain's mate started out passing the word
"Now here this" he laughed "This'll kill you I know
There's a torpedo coming and not very slow."

All hands aboard gasped and then took a quick stool
In the twilight there loomed up the guns of Rabaul
This was quite a dilemma as I know and you
But it proved that the corps was still strictly SNAFU.

HANGY LIL

Listen stranger and I will spill
The sad sad fate of hangy Lil.
Now Lil was the best our town produced
And few of the boys she hadn't seduced.
And those she hasn't she never will
Cause fate has called on Hangy Lil.

Lil taught school when she first came west
But she gave that up for she liked screwing best.
Twas a standing bet around our town
That no man living could screw Lil down.
So far but three had assailed the test
and their sad fate had squelched the rest.

Now two-gun Pete and Luke McGlucke
were two scrapping strangers that could screw and shoot.
These two boys and one-nut Duke
Are the three poor victims of whom I spoke.

But a half breed came from a town arar
To lay his dong across the bar.
Down the hill came one-eyed Pete
From way up thar where them waters meet.
He laid his dong across the bar
And stranger it stretched from thar to thar.

Now old Lil knew she'd met her fate
But to back down now was most too late.
So we decided to stage the kill
By the little red craphouse on the hill.
Where the boys could come and rest their feet
And watch the half-breed sink his meat.

The bout started with the grace and ease
Of the summer breeze through the sycamore trees
Lil tried cross bucks and double shunts
And tricks unknown to minor cunts
But the half-breed met her lick for lick
And just kept reeling out more prick.

Finally Lil she missed a stroke
And the half-breed nailed her when she broke.
And throught the tissues of Lil's bare ass
Six slimey feet of pecker passed.
The dirt was pawed for miles around
Where Lil's bare ass had dug the ground.
But
But she died brave, boys, and I'm here to tell
She had her boots on when she fell
So what the hell stranger what the hell
We hung her drawers on the craphouse door
As a humble token to that famous whore.

ODE TO THE FOUR LETTER WORDS

Banish the use of the four letter words
Whose meanings are never obscure
The angles and Saxons those bawdy old birds
Were vulgar obscene and impure.
But cherish the use of the weasling phrase
That never quire says what it means
You'd better be known for your hypocrite ways
Than as vulgar impure and obscene.

(continued)

Better "Nature is calling" (plain speaking is out)
When the ladies, God bless them, are milling about
You may "wet down" "make water" or "empty the glass."
You "powder your nose" or "The johhny" will pass
It's a "drain for the lily" or "A man about a dog"
When everyone's drunk it's "condensing the fog"
But as true as the devil that word with a hiss
It's only in Shakespeare that characters ____.

A woman has basons a bust or breasts
Those are "lily white globules" you spy 'neath her vest
These are "towers of ivory" or "sheaves of new wheat"
In a moment of passion ripe apples to eat.
You can speak of her nipples as "fingers of fire"
With scarcely a chance of arousing her ire.
But by Rabelais' beard she'll give you ten fits
If you speak of them roundly as good honest ____.

There's a cavern of joy you are thinking of now
A "warm tender field awaiting the plow"
It's a "quivering bird carressing your hand"
Or "the Star Spangled Banner" you're ready to stand.
Or believe it's a flower a grotto a mink
The "Hope of the world" or "a bottomless sink"
But friend heed this warning beware the affront
Of playing the Saxon and calling it ____.

Through a lady rejects you she'll always be kind
As long as you're hinting at what's in your mind.
You can tell her Hou're "horney" and "need to be swung"
Or invite her to see how your etchings are hung.
You can speak of "your ashes that need to be hauled"
It's a "lid for her saucepan" and "Lay's" not too bald
But the minute you're forthright get ready to duck
The woman's not born yet who welcomes "Let's ____".

So banish the words that Elizabeth used
When she was queen on her throne
The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised
By the four letter words alone.
Let your morals be loose as an alderman's vest
If your language is always obscure
Today not the act but the word is the test
Of the vulgar obscene and impure.

OH COME CENSOR THE MAIL

Flight quarters were sounded at quarter to one
The skipper was raving to get our nav done.
When up from the wardroom the squawk was begun
Oh, pilots, come down get your censoring done.

Oh, come censor the mail, oh, come censor the mail
We haven't time for the Air Group to play
For down in the wardroom we censor today
Oh, come censor the mail.

The Japs never censor they just have to fly
Now the hell can we lick them if we don't hit the sky
The Navy now knows how to win through the fight
We censor by day and we censor by night
Oh, come censor the mail, oh, come censor the mail
We're men of the Navy we censor instead
Oh, come censor the mail.

POOR LIL

Her name was Lil and she was a cutie
She lived in a house of ill repute
The boys all came from miles away
To see poor Lil in her negligee

Poor Lil, Do-le-a-da-da-do-day
Poor Lil, Do-le-a-da-da-do-day

Day by day poor Lil grew thinner
Due to the lack of vitamins within her
She started taking Fleischman's yeast
And still her clientele decreased

Poor Lil, etc.

As she lay in the depths of her dishonor
She felt the hands of the Lord upon her
She said, "dear Lord, I do repent
But this is going to cost you seventy-five cents."

Poor Lil, etc.